

Work (And Lack Thereof)

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Work (And Lack Thereof)

by [venus43](#)

Summary

“Don’t want to answer?” Dream asks, raising an eyebrow, and George shakes his head, looking down again. “Fine. I guess we can go check out your office, see what’s so good about it.”

or, dream's assistant keeps a few secrets in his desk

Notes

Hi!!

shorter fic while I'm working on some other things. Not really sure what to say here right now, but I hope you enjoy!! and as always if the cc involved ever state that they're uncomfortable with these types of works then I'll take this down!!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream thinks he’s going to end up murdering his assistant.

It’s only early in the morning and Dream has already had enough, standing behind his desk with his hands braced against the wooden countertop.

There’s no paperwork in front of him, the files he had specifically asked to be photocopied and

placed there by the time he arrived today, mysteriously not there. And if this were the first time then he probably wouldn't mind it but considering that his assistant manages to just *not* do any of the tasks that Dream gives him ever, he thinks he has a right to be angry.

In the centre of the room, George stands sheepishly, a hopeful smile on his lips, and Dream can't be bothered to entertain whatever stupid excuse that he has because he just wants to know where his paperwork is.

"So," George starts, toying with the hem of his white shirt that's half tucked into the plain black slacks on his legs, "I didn't *not* do it. I would never just not do the work, but you know, sometimes I just get side-tracked and there's a lot of-"

"George," Dream says sternly, cutting him off, "Where's my paperwork?"

Pushing a stray strand of hair out of his eyes, George glances to one side, trying not to make eye contact with Dream and failing miserably. "I didn't do it sir," he admits.

Dream sighs, the noise of exasperation making George flinch, and he steps around his desk, placing one hand behind him so he can lean back and stare down at his assistant. "And why was that?"

George doesn't answer.

"You were in the office," Dream presses, angry and rightfully so. That paperwork could cost him his job. "I saw you yesterday, wandering around the place, doing jack shit and then you fucked off to your little room. So tell me George." He leans forwards, glaring at the other, "What was so important that you couldn't do your job?"

George looks at a loss for words, staring down at the ground and muttering a quiet, "I'm sorry sir."

"No," Dream snaps, stopping him in his tracks, "Not good enough. Tell me what you were doing."

Biting on his bottom lip nervously, George tries to meet Dream's eyes, maybe earn some sympathy points, and Dream wants to say that it doesn't work, but it does, his assistant's little frown and watery eyes making his chest jump.

"Don't want to answer?" Dream asks, raising an eyebrow, and George shakes his head, looking down again. "Fine. I guess we can go check out your office, see what's so good about it."

Finally, George seems to jump back into himself, scrambling forwards and trying to stop Dream from moving. Their chests nearly touch, and George probably hasn't noticed the proximity with the way he's frantically saying, "No that's not necessary," and trying to keep Dream away from the door.

"What's there to hide George?" Dream says, accusatory tone making the other shiver, and the way his eyes flicker down to Dream's lips is almost unnoticeable, almost.

"Nothing," George attempts, but still, Dream ignores him, making his way towards his door and out into the open workplace.

While he walks, George is trailing behind him quickly, tugging on Dream's sleeve to try and slow him down, and by now it's a weekly occurrence for George to almost get fired (normally ending with him just batting his eyelashes and promising he'll do better) but Dream has never taken it out of his office, so for all of their colleagues, it's a spectacle worth watching.

George's post is less of an office and more of just a large cupboard, a lock on the door and a copy

machine and printer by the walls. He has a little desk and a small chair and Dream had made sure to place him somewhere close, so that wouldn't be too far from his own room.

Dream opens up the door, nodding his head to tell George to walk through and he follows him in straight after, making sure to close it behind him.

It doesn't seem interesting, George standing to one side and letting Dream look around uninterestedly, and at first the room seems pretty normal, nothing in particular sticking out. Dream's just about to leave when his hand brushes across the top of George's cabinet, causing his assistant to flinch and reach forwards to try and stop him from looking in.

"What?" Dream asks, confused and when George doesn't answer he's only made more annoyed, "Spit it out."

"Nothing."

He rolls his eyes, because right now, Dream cannot be bothered to deal with his assistant's shit, and he lets his fingers trace over the wooden sides. What could be behind it that George wants to keep a secret so badly?

Maybe it's some embarrassing diary, or a bunch of old baby photos or even some sappy love letters that he's passing around with someone else in the office (but for personal reasons, Dream hopes it isn't the latter).

Having had enough of just speculating, Dream grabs the handle of the drawer, pulling it out completely so he's haphazardly holding it up and oh, *oh* that is not what he was expecting.

"What the fuck?" Dream spits, dropping it down onto the counter, and behind him George is shifting from one foot to another. He peers into the drawer, eying the objects inside, and without thinking he grabs one of the toys and turns around to face his assistant with it in his hand. "Is this what you were doing yesterday?"

Face flushed red, George nods, staring directly at the wall, "Yes sir."

Dream barely even knows what to say, the knowledge that George, *George, his assistant*, really spends his spare time fucking himself in his office when he's meant to be doing work, making him more turned on than it should.

"What made you so stupidly horny, that you decided getting off in your office was appropriate behaviour," Dream asks, raising his eyebrows and holding the dildo just to see George go completely red.

"Nothing," George says, and it's so obviously a lie that Dream won't let him off with it.

"No," He dismisses, "It was obviously something. Tell me."

"It was nothing sir," George repeats, hanging his head low, "I'm sorry."

Dream places the object back down, tilting his head to the side. "I said tell me," He orders, much sterner this time, and in front of him George is very obviously embarrassed, his cheeks pink and his legs pushed together, and Dream would be lying if he said he didn't think he was pretty like this.

"It was you," George says eventually, and it's quiet so that Dream can barely even hear it, making him wonder if he's just hearing what he wants to, that his assistant's dirty little secret is getting to him.

“Again.” He instructs, just to be sure of what was said, and he crosses his arms, “Louder this time.”

George whines, looking at Dream with a distressed look “I said it was you,” he mumbles, and it’s only a bit louder, but making him repeat it again would only be cruel.

“Me?” Dream asks, more to himself than anything.

“Yes,” George sighs, glancing towards Dream with wet, teary eyes, “You uh, you were angry at something, I thought it was hot.”

The words seem like they’re laced with embarrassment, and immediately after George looks away, going back to staring at the wall and Dream scoffs, dropping the dildo back into the drawer and picking it up – holding it so that George can look in at all the toys he keeps in his cabinet.

There’s a lot in there, a few plugs all varying in size and a long vibrator with a small switch on the side, accompanied by a smaller one with a separate remote. At the edge there’s a half empty bottle of lube too, and Dream can’t even fathom how long it must have taken for this collection to build up, only that George must find him really attractive to feel the need to get off this much.

“My office,” Dream mutters, “Now.”

He doesn’t drop the drawer, not bothering to cover it as he follows George through the office door, and he’s sure that their co-workers are all looking to try and find out what George is being told off for. And Dream doesn’t hide it, letting the people who can see, try and peer into the drawer as he walks past them, with George beet red when he tries to speed away.

Watching George scramble to get to his office is more entertaining than it should be, and Dream takes his time, using his foot to kick the door shut once he’s walked through.

George has decided that the best place to stand is in the centre of the room, just in front of the door and next to one of the paintings on the wall. Dream walks past him, turning and letting out a laugh at the scared expression on his face.

“You think I’m hot then?” Dream asks, dropping the drawer onto his desk and letting it fall with a loud slam.

With his face turned, George nods, his hair falling down in attempt to shield his blush, and Dream wonders if that’s because he’s realised that he was getting off on thoughts of his boss or it’s just because he’s been caught.

“Yes,” George admits, and Dream really hopes he isn’t reading this wrong when he continues to push.

“So, what are you going to do about it?”

George looks up, eyes wide and slightly apprehensive, “What?”

There’s a moment where Dream wonders if this is a good idea, whether propositioning his assistant like this is far too unprofessional and he should stop before he starts to embarrass himself, but at the same time, the thought of having George under his desk is too good to resist.

“I asked if you were going to do anything about it?” Dream continues, “I’ve already seen what’s in the drawer, why not show me the rest?”

“Are you being serious sir?” George asks, and the look on his face has turned into a mixture of

embarrassment and confusion, his hands fiddling with the material of his pants.

“Yeah,” Dream tells him.

“Why?”

Dream hums, pausing before saying, “Because you’re attractive and you think I am too. Why not?”

Slowly, George steps forwards, unsure of where to place his hands and waiting for instructions and Dream thinks he looks good, knocked down a few pegs with his face scarlet from the embarrassment.

“So, do you want this?” Dream asks, irritated at the lack of an answer, and he knows that if George does agree, he’s definitely not going to be nice.

George nods far too quickly, shock in his eyes and he looks as though he’s experiencing something completely unexpected, that never in his wildest dreams could he anticipate this. Dream smiles, laughing mockingly at the display and tapping on the wooden frame.

“Bend over my desk,” He orders, waiting for George to do as he asks, which he does, though he’s hesitant in his moves, with his eyes darting from the box of toys over to Dream.

Uncharacteristically, Dream takes pity on him, grabbing the drawer and placing it on the floor so that it’s just out of view.

Dream’s desk is quite low, and when George presses his chest to the top he’s bent over fully, ass in the air and completely at Dream’s mercy.

Agonisingly slow, Dream moves to stand behind him, his hand coming to rest on his side and push up his shirt. For a second, Dream wonders if he should ask his assistant to take it off, put his pretty body on display, but the door isn’t locked and that would much more humiliating when they’re scrambling to explain what’s going on.

“Do you want me to fuck you then?” Dream asks, touching the top of George’s slacks and starting to dip his fingers under the material.

George nods, breathing heavy onto the desk, “Yes please.”

Dream stop himself from laughing, “So needy,” he mocks, “Can’t last 10 minutes without something inside of you.”

He reaches round to unzip George’s pants, pulling the clothing down so it can reveal pale unmarked thighs and pretty, long legs. He looks hot, the boxers that stick to his skin black and tight and they hug every curve to make the slope of his ass look even better than imaginable.

Dream’s fingers dip into the waistband, hesitating for half a second before pulling them down and letting them pool around George’s ankles with his pants. His hands move to grab at George’s ass cheeks, squeezing hard and then spreading him apart and *fuck*, this boy is full of surprises.

“You’re only proving my point,” Dream says, pressing his fingers to the base of the plug inside of George’s hole and pushing it in a little more to see the way he squirms under him.

He pulls on the plug, watching the way George’s legs try to press together and how his body greedily tries to swallow it back in. “How long have you been wearing this?” Dream asks, pushing it back into George abruptly, “Did you walk here with it in? Or what?”

“Before you called me in,” George admits, breathy and sounding so fucking good, “Opened myself up while I was printing something for you.”

“God,” Dream mutters, “You’re so hot.”

He tugs on the little toy, pulling it out of George’s body completely and his hole clenches around nothing, pretty and pink and so, so empty. He still looks wet, completely slick with lube and Dream presses two fingers inside, letting out a small noise when he’s met with little resistance because *god*, he wants to fuck that.

Not today though, Dream decides, and he leans down to grab something out of the drawer along with the little bottle of lube. He doesn’t want to be too mean, squirting some onto his fingers and then immediately driving them back into George’s body.

“Ah,” George whines, his legs struggling to stay stuck to the ground as Dream starts to properly stretch him out – scissoring his fingers and curling them up into his body.

At one point, George moans embarrassingly loud, and Dream knows that his fingers must have skimmed over his prostate, so he tries to find where it was for a second time. Eventually, when he presses to the side George moans again, and this time he attempts to stifle it by biting down on his hand, but it doesn’t work, Dream still hearing the sound and beginning to drive his fingers against that one spot of nerves continuously.

With the noises that George is making and the way his thighs tremble and shake, it shouldn’t be a surprise that Dream can feel arousal building up in his stomach, and he tries to push it down because working with a hard-on would be more than difficult, but he still can’t stop his mind from running wild.

He pulls his fingers out, making George mewl at the loss, and he uses the lube to slick up the dildo that he’d grabbed from the drawer, with George’s body starting to rise as he tries to look over his shoulder and see what Dream is doing.

Roughly, Dream pushes George back down, making him bend over the desk fully and he presses the head of the dildo against his rim, not pushing in yet but applying pressure. He watches the way George’s hole flutters and tries to swallow around the toy, but Dream doesn’t let him get what he wants, choosing to drag the moment out.

He hears George whine, needy and high pitched and he can’t stop himself from laughing. “So responsive,” He laughs, pulling the head of the toy away to watch George’s pathetic attempt to follow it.

“Please, put it in,” George whimpers, “Need it, need it so bad.”

Outwardly, he chuckles at George’s eagerness, teasing his rim for a few more seconds before he forces the first few inches into George’s body. He still seems tight, trying to adjust to the stretch, but Dream doesn’t stop, continuing to push the toy into George’s hole at his own pace.

He’s definitely hard now, feeling himself strain against the material of his pants, and after this he’s going to sit by his desk and make George warm his cock while he works, it’s the least he can do considering Dream is so behind on his paperwork because of him.

“This feel good?” Dream asks, still driving the toy into his body, and it’s big, far more than he’d imagined that George would be able to take, but George doesn’t complain, little whimpers leaving his lips. “Is this what you do in your office all day? Do you fuck yourself with this and imagine it’s

me?”

“Yes sir,” George confesses, and Dream drinks in the embarrassed tone, finally having finished pushing in the dildo.

George’s hole is so stretched, pulling on the toy and quivering every few seconds, and his back is arching strangely, the pleasure making his muscles tense and the filter on his mouth disappear.

He’s been plugged up for so long, likely hard in his pants since he first stretched himself with any real touch enough to make him desperate, and Dream is glad to be the one to finally give that to him. He wonders if George still does this on the days that Dream isn’t in the office, whether he likes feeling full and as though he’s being fucked constantly.

And one day, Dream wants to take that vibrator he saw and the remote and make George sit in the corner while he controls it just to show that George may have gotten away with having all of those toys without being fired, but Dream will never forget it.

“*Fuck*,” George cries, dragging Dream back and reminding him of the pretty boy bent over in front of him, “Please move it, oh god *Dream*.”

And is Dream to deny him of what he wants?

Instantly, he starts up a brutal pace, fucking George with the dildo so quickly that he’s writhing and gasping on the desk. He drives the toy in as far as it can go, thrusting in deep and hard and revelling in the way that George squirms.

Each movement is harsh, Dream’s hand grabbing onto George’s waist to keep him on the toy, and the scream that George lets out is so delicious, morphing into a small sob that rings in the air.

“You love this don’t you?” Dream mutters, “You love the way I fuck you with this thing, bet you wish it was my cock instead.”

“I do,” George sobs, “Want your cock, *fuck*, *Dream*.”

He seems so vulnerable like this; helpless desperation making George moan and force his hips back against Dream’s hand so he can take even more. Dream reaches around his body at the same time, keeping the dildo fucking in and out of his body as he wraps his palm around George’s cock, pumping it to the same rhythm. Pre-cum leaks over his fingers, George’s cock hard and pressing against his stomach and just barely touching the desk.

Dream pushes the dildo as far as it can go, George choking on his own moans when the head brushes against his prostate, and Dream needs to tell him to quiet down so the whole workplace doesn’t hear what they’re doing, but he’s far too selfish, smirking when full body shakes wrack through George’s frame.

He squeezes the base of George’s cock, making him jerk under the grip and Dream pulls the dildo out almost entirely, ramming it back in before George has a chance to react and repeating the action until George has been reduced to loud sobs and little twitchy movements.

He imagines that it’s his own cock, that he’s actually fucking George like this, and if he never actually gets to fuck George over his desk like this then he doesn’t know what he’ll do.

“*Dream*,” George cries, spluttering pathetically, “I’m so close, *I can’t*—”

Dream thrusts the toy in even harder, jerking George’s cock even quicker and he doesn’t let up,

hearing George's breath hitch and a long moan be ripped from his lips. George cums hard, spilling over Dream's hand and onto his desk and he sounds so fucking hot like this, so close to tears and completely spent.

When he finally decides that it's enough, Dream pulls the toy out, dropping it onto the floor and the way that George crumples forwards is almost funny.

He's still hard and he wonders if after a few minutes George will be good enough to turn around and blow him.

"Fuck," George mutters, his head on the desk next to where his cum paints the wooden frame, "You're good at that."

Dream laughs, "Yeah yeah," He says, and just to get the other back onto his feet, he adds on. "I still want that paperwork."

"Later," George mumbles, turning his head. And his eyes are glassy, pretty features curved into a coy smile. He reaches forwards, grabbing Dream's belt to pull him forwards. "You're still hard, aren't you?"

End Notes

comments/kudos are so appreciated and come interact with me on [twitter](#)

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